

UNITED CHARITIES REFUSE TO PROVIDE NECESSITIES FOR A DYING MAN

On a small cot at 2334 Coblentz street, emaciated from a year-long illness, Frank Magnus is painfully moving from side to side, unable to find a place to rest his aching body for want of a rubber pad. There is no gauze or cotton to clean and bind two gaping wounds. No money for medicine nor nourishing food.

Magnus, a piano finisher by trade, has a sick wife and a child six years old. A year ago he became ill. Two operations were performed and his little horde of savings spent for hospital and medical attendance.

Meanwhile his wife contracted tuberculosis.

Six months ago Mrs. Magnus applied for aid. Two months passed before the United Charities' investigators came.

Since then they have been investigating. His friends have been interviewed; his employers appealed to and his family and relatives dunned.

Two investigators have been busy six months. A dozen visits made, a thousand questions asked, but not one cent contributed towards the support of the sick man and wife.

There is a piano in the house, curtains on the windows and a rug on the floor. One investigator said, "What beautiful furniture. Why don't you sell it?"

"The piano is the property of my brother," Mrs. Magnus explained. "The furniture bought on the installment plan. On the stove alone we owe seventeen dollars."

"But doesn't your husband's father own this house?" asked the investigator.

"So he does," was the reply. "There is a \$2,000 mortgage on it, he is seventy years old and his wife has been sick for 25 years. He lets us have these rooms, rent free, depriving himself of things he and his sick wife should have."

"How about your own father?" the investigator demanded.

"He has a wife and six little children and only earns \$1.75 a day," Mrs. Magnus patiently explained.

"But," the investigator continued, "it would take \$40 a month to keep this place."

"We don't want \$40," was the reply. "Just a little aid—enough to buy cotton and gauze, get medicine and eggs, and we would manage somehow to get along."

"Then why don't you go to work?" the investigator asked.

"I am ill myself," Mrs. Magnus explained. "I have tuberculosis and must go to the dispensary every day. And I must attend my sick husband."

"You see," the investigator explained, "we never pay more than six dollars a month for rent and furnish the required supplies."

"How would a dollar do?" she asked after some deliberation.

"Couldn't you make it \$5 a month?" Mrs. Magnus asked, "enough to get the necessary cotton, gauze and medicine."

Highly indignant at such a demand the investigator left, forgetting to leave the paltry dollar.

They paid his employers, the Schultz Piano Company, a visit.

The employer gave \$25 for the sick man. They doled it out in \$5 instalments. Afraid, perhaps, the sick man would go on a spree if given to him at once.

Send your husband to County Hospital and store your furniture they next suggested.

"What about myself and child?" Mrs. Magnus asked.

"Let your father take care of you," was the immediate reply.

The sick man grows weaker and thinner and moves restlessly about for want of a rubber pad, his wounds are unattended for want of gauze and medicine and his sick wife wonders